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VOL. X. BRISTOL, BUCKS COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1883. NO. 23.

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.
Arrival and Departure of Mails.
Express and Parcel Post.
Mails for New York, Philadelphia, and other places, leave Bristol at 10:30 A.M.
Mails for Bristol, Philadelphia, and other places, arrive at 11:30 A.M.
Mails for New York, Philadelphia, and other places, leave Bristol at 1:30 P.M.
Mails for Bristol, Philadelphia, and other places, arrive at 2:30 P.M.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.
For Philadelphia, New York, and other places.
Leaving Bristol for Philadelphia at 7:00 A.M., 10:30 A.M., 1:30 P.M., and 4:30 P.M.
Arriving Bristol from Philadelphia at 8:00 A.M., 11:30 A.M., 2:30 P.M., and 5:30 P.M.
Leaving Bristol for New York at 9:00 A.M., 12:00 P.M., and 3:00 P.M.
Arriving Bristol from New York at 10:00 A.M., 1:00 P.M., and 4:00 P.M.

ALREADY WE HAVE OUR Christmas Goods!
We would first ask your attention to a beautiful lot of
HOLIDAY GIFT BOOKS,
In choice leather, and cloth bindings. Also, an immense stock of
JUVENILE BOOKS
For the Young Folks.
And last but not least, a large line of
STANDARD POETS
AND
Miscellaneous Works
At 50 Cents per Volume.
Formerly sold at 75 Cents and 80 Cents.
The following list of books are also well worth your attention and will be sold at right prices.
Family Bibles,
Small Bibles, Prayer and Hymn Books,
Autographs, Photograph and Scrap Albums.
Ladies' Hand Bags,
Cigar Cases, Pocket Books and Card Cases, Collapsible Comb and Brush Sets, Handkerchiefs and Glove Boxes, Dressing Cases, Jewel Cases, Card Receivers, Writing Desks, Work Boxes, Thermometers,
FANCY BOX PAPER,
Gold Pens and Pencils, Inkstands, Paper Weights, Statuary, Blocks, Games, Puzzles, &c.
Pictures and Picture Frames.
In this department we have endeavored to present to our customers the finest and cheapest line of goods ever offered in Trenton.

Now is the time to buy CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S CARDS.
In a short time all the choice cards will be gone, and you will have to take what is left. So you will never regret it, but whatever you buy, of
BREARLEY & STOLL,
26 and 28 East State Street, TRENTON, N. J.
EVERY LADY SHOULD ENJOY FOR
Strawbridge & Clothier's FASHION QUARTERLY.
EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:
Scenic and historical engravings, illustrating the things in every department of fashion.
EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:
Four pages of new fashions, in most cases original, either vocal or instrumental.
EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:
Valuable original articles, mostly illustrated, on subjects that treat of the adornment of the person, the beautifying of home, and the newest things in a useful way.
EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:
A complete and accurate receiving fault as satisfactorily and as economically as residents of the city.
PRICE, 50 CENTS PER YEAR. SPECIMEN COPIES, 15 CENTS.
STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,
10th and Market Streets, Philadelphia.

Bristol Cemetery.
The managers of this Cemetery have
Laid out and improved
About Seventeen Acres of Ground
FOR BURIAL PURPOSES.
In a location that is believed to be the best that could be secured, as it is convenient, well drained, secure from encroachment, and the soil is a dry sand and gravel. A considerable number of lots have already been sold and interest has been commenced. The prices have been fixed much lower than other places of interment in this vicinity and range from 25 cents a square foot for lots not situated directly on the avenue or other prominent parts, to 35 cents a square foot for the choicest lots in Section C—making the price for a lot 9 by 15 feet, \$5.25 and \$17.25, respectively. Lots may be obtained larger or smaller, various sizes being on the plan which will be furnished to those intending to purchase.
A commodious and secure Receiving Vault has been constructed for the use of lot owners.
Further information may be obtained of
H. FURSELL, Secretary.

REAL ESTATE.
Properties for sale in every ward of the city. Standing in the First, Second, and Third wards. A desirable residence in the Second ward. A small house in the Third ward.
A. WEIR GILKESON,
Attorney at Law.

SOVEREIGN.
Properties for sale in every ward of the city. Standing in the First, Second, and Third wards. A desirable residence in the Second ward. A small house in the Third ward.
A. WEIR GILKESON,
Attorney at Law.

INSURANCE.
Properties for sale in every ward of the city. Standing in the First, Second, and Third wards. A desirable residence in the Second ward. A small house in the Third ward.
A. WEIR GILKESON,
Attorney at Law.

HOLIDAY ANNOUNCEMENT!
HOTTEL, THE HATTER,
CALLS SPECIAL ATTENTION TO AN ELEGANT STOCK OF
LYONS SILK UMBRELLAS,
And Silver-Headed Walking Sticks,
SEAL TURBANS,
FOR LADIES' AND GENTS.
SEAL GLOVES AND WRISTLETS,
BEAVER GLOVES AND COLLARS,
AND
LARGE STOCK OF WINTER CAPS.
GEO. W. HOTTEL,
33 E. State Street, Trenton, N. J.

UNDERWEAR.
Men's in all grades, from 55c. to \$4.50 a piece. Ladies', white and red from 35c. to \$2.50. Children's, white, red and grey, 15c. to \$1.50.
The Latest Styles in all the New Shades, Wide Stripes, Large Dots and Party Shades.

KNIT JACKETS!
Men's, Ladies' and Boys', in the following Shades: Black, Brown, Blue, Garnet, Green, Gray, Deab and Scarlet, from 75c. to \$5.00.

FINE DRESS SHIRTS!
Men's and Boys', laundried and Unlaundried, in white and colored.

GLOVES! GLOVES!
Rubber Coats from \$2.00 to \$6.00. Umbrellas from 50c. to \$8.00.

A. W. LEE,
THE GENTS' FURNISHER,
14 N. Greene Street, Trenton, N. J.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.
MORRIS MAY,
25 S. GREENE STREET,
NEARLY OPPOSITE THE OPERA HOUSE,
TRENTON, N. J.

THE MOST COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF
Genuine American Gold and Silver Watches,
AND EVERYTHING PERTAINING TO THE LINE OF
FIRST-CLASS JEWELRY.
AT PRICES LOWER THAN ELSEWHERE IN THIS CITY AND PHILADELPHIA.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY REPAIRED
WITH THE MOST IMPROVED MACHINERY AT REASONABLE PRICES.
Every Article Sold or Repaired Warranted.
MORRIS MAY,
25 S. Greene Street, Trenton.

SINCLAIR, VANNEST & Co.,
39 East State Street,
TRENTON, N. J.

Fall and Winter Clothing!

THE LARGEST STOCK OF
READY-MADE CLOTHING
IN THE CITY.

EVERYTHING WARRANTED.
Foreign and American Piece Goods for the
CUSTOM DEPARTMENT.
The Best Assortment ever offered. A Stylish Fit Guaranteed.
PRICES AS LOW AS CAN BE OFFERED FOR GOOD WORK.

WE INVITE YOUR PATRONAGE.

H. H. GARWOOD,
No. 9 North Greene St.,
TRENTON,
POPULAR ONE PRICE
BOOT AND SHOE STORE.
LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT AT THE LOWEST PRICES.
Special inducements offered this Fall and Winter.

ALL GOODS WARRANTED TO GIVE SATISFACTION.
NONE BUT THE BEST MAKE OF RUBBER BOOTS AND SHOES.

WILLIAM H. JACKSON, JR.,
MANUFACTURER AND PRINTER
OF
FLOUR SACKS,
Corner of Bridge and Union Streets,
TRENTON, N. J.

GUARANTEED TO BE THE BEST IN THE MARKET.
SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

THE DOBBINS AND FURRIER
15 E. STATE ST. N. J.

McGINLEY & CO.,
42 EAST STATE STREET.

McGINLEY & CO'S,
42 East State Street, Trenton, N. J.

To Our Bucks County Friends.
THE PLACE TO GET
NOBBY CLOTHING
IN STYLE, FIT, GOODS AND FINISH,
IS AT
JOHN B. BRENNAN'S
ESTABLISHMENT,
NO. 143 N. GREENE STREET,
TRENTON, N. J.

To the Public!
HAVING STORED, REFINED AND MADE AN CONVENIENT AS POSSIBLE, THE STORE
No. 12 North Greene Street, Trenton,
Formerly occupied by Mr. Robinson, the Florist, I wish to call the attention of the public to a full line of
BOOTS, SHOES,
AND
RUBBER GOODS,
WHICH I HAVE SELECTED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS MARKET.
I shall make the
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT
AN ESPECIAL STUDY.
And I hope, by close attention to business, due courtesy and truthful representation, to merit a share of your patronage.
Yours respectfully,
JAMES MCCAIN,
Late Station Master, Clinton Street Station.

F. S. KATZENBACH & CO.,
35 E. State Street,
TRENTON, N. J.,
Hardware, Heaters, Ranges,
MANTLES AND STOVES,
IRON AND WOOD PUMPS,
Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters,
GAS AND COAL OIL FIXTURES.
A. T. WILLIAMS,
139 Greene Street,
HAS THE LARGEST STOCK
OF
BOOTS and SHOES,
IN TRENTON.
LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF
Ladies' and Gents' Fine Shoes
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LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF
Ladies' and Gents' Fine Shoes
IN THE CITY.

WOMAN'S VOICE.
BY EDWIN ARNOLD.
Not in the way of the summer breeze,
When evening breezes sing their sweet hymn—
Not the minstrel's magic symphony,
Nor the organ's grand and solemn tone,
Is earth's best music; these may have awhile
High thoughts in happy hearts, and ebbing care
beguile.
But even as the swan's silken wings,
Softly the child with a mother's kiss—
So doth one sound the sleeping soul awake
To leave the darkness of his life's night
A low and gentle voice—dear woman's voice—charm
An excellent thing it is, when first in gladness
A mother looks into her infant's eyes—
Smiles to his smiles, and softness to his softness—
Falls at his patient, sorrowful in distress—
All these come ever from woman's voice.
An excellent thing it is when life is leaving
Leaving with grief and gladness, joy and care—
To strong heart falling and the high soul soaring—
With strings of thought and wild emotion ringing
Thro' them, a woman's low, soft sympathy
Comes like an angel's voice to teach us how to die.
But a most excellent thing it is in youth,
When the soul and heart are full of love's tone.
That tears, but long, to relieve the truth—
How their low and sweet voice, and soft tone,
It makes one's heart—oh! the soul!
That in the trembling tale—a bright-eyed maiden
tells.

LYMERADWOOD'S WEDDING.
BY J. T. THORNTON.
Hogan's grocery, on the corner opposite the Unitarian meeting house, is the famed headquarters of all local news and gossip in the town of E. For which reason it was notably thronged one gloomy November evening, not many years ago. 'What's the news over to the church to-night?' was the question proposed by every body who straggled in, even a girl exception, so bold-headed Miles (Garey) declared, as he sat with one foot on the stove hearth, the other on the round of his tipped-back chair, and his hat over a patch on his elevated knee. 'The one exception,' he added, glancing significantly at a man who was procuring a bunch of crackers and loafing at Hogan's counter, 'is evidently a stranger, or he'd have asked the same. Five have used precisely those words. Three have varied 'em with 'What's-a-goin' on?' while two have had it 'What's the row over to the gospel-shop?' which I maintain, gentlemen, ain't no sort of a proper way of alludin' to a church edifice. 'So saying, Miles Garey gave the moral probabilities of his shining knob a polish with his palm, covered them with his rusty stove-pipe hat, and interlarded his big brown hands over the forehead patch. At the same time he tipped an oracular nod at the purchaser of bread and cheese, just then settling himself in a chair on the other side of the stove. 'Ain't that so, my friend?' he said, emphasizing the nod with one of those winks which Longhead Miles, as the boys called him, could manage to pack, back up, stow away, and convey more solid subjects of wisdom than in any other corner-grocery prophet in that region. 'The One Exception paraded this question with another. 'I don't wish to be disagreeable, I'll ask, with the rest. 'What's going on over there?' 'All eyes turned upon him. He had one of those hairy frowns which seldom lightens to a rat pouting out from a bunch of oakum. The eyes were no rat's eyes, however. They were blue in color, alert, and keen. They had, moreover, the glossy brightness of a sick man's and what little could be seen of his features appeared pale and emaciated. The upper part of the ball of oakum was stuffed into a dark, slouched hat, while the lower part fell in a faded mass over his closely buttoned, coarse, gray overcoat, straggling even to the paper bag in his lap, where he fumbled for a cracker. 'As Miles Garey was squinting deliberately, taking aim, as it were, before firing his moral piece of information into the wad of oakum, some body behind him fired above his head and spoiled his sport. 'It's a wedding. Everybody knows it's a wedding. There's no mystery about it.' Miles slowly turned his head and hurled a reproachful look at the speaker, a lank tobacco-chewer, sitting on a flour barrel outside the group that encircled the stove. 'Sam Bean, you utter words without knowledge. There was, at least, one person who did not know it was a wedding, and I was about to enlighten him. I mean ask you to state,' once more addressing the stranger, who had by this time taken his cracker from the bag and thrust it into the oakum, 'was you aware it was a wedding?' The stranger was taking away what was left of the cracker; but, before any words followed it, Sam Bean spoke up again: 'He's aware now, at any rate. Lyman Radwood is to be married to Emily Goswami at eight o'clock. It's been the talk of the town for a week, and everybody had heard of it, I'll be bound; without 'tis Miles Garey. He never hears anything till the rest have stopped talking about it. Then he goes for it like a starved dog at a moldy doughnut. 'Don't be sarcastical, Sam Bean,' said Longhead Miles, with warning emphasis, without raising any of his eyebrows. 'I'm known in this village. Rather, you can't injure me in the estimation of anybody but a stranger. I know more—this was said impressively to the man with the crackers, who had stopped munching to listen. 'I know more about Lyman Radwood than any other live man.' 'Than Lyman Radwood himself, I don't doubt,' said the sarcastic Bean. 'I'm going to advise him to hire you at a big salary to keep him posted in his own business.' The human subject of a joke is usually the last person to appreciate the humor of it; nor was Miles Garey an exception to the rule. He looked about with indignant wonder, as if to discover what all the fools were laughing at; then addressed himself to the only other serious and sensible person present. 'It's a wedding that's been looked for'd on by friends of the family, I may say of the two families; fixing the stranger with a grave and steady regard and quite ignoring the frivolous fellow on the flour barrel and all who were so far gone in folly as to laugh at his inanities, 'for goin' on now four or five year. Trouble is the young people have been too poor to marry. Lyman's a doctor, and a good one, they say; anyhow he's smart enough. But a young fellow that sticks out his shingle in an old place like this, where there's three doctors a-ready for every dis-

ease, has a mighty hard row to hoe for a spell, specially if it's a piece he's been brought up into. Folks remember him as a youngster kiltin' around with the gals, gettin' into scrapes, gigglin' in meekness, and mabby breakin' his arm fallin' from a cherry tree, as Lyman did once; and na'turally say to themselves 'What kin a doctor? We've known him ever since he was knee high to a Bantam chicken, and what does he know about folk's insides and the kin' of medicine that's good for 'em?' 'A chicken ain't got no knee, Miles. Did ye ever think of that?' was the irreverent remark here interjected by one of Bean's shallow companions. Miles rubbed the titter it provoked by keeping his eye fixed sternly on his one attentive hearer and saying, with biting emphasis: 'A chicken's knee, my friend, is like some folk's wit. What there is of it crows the wrong way.' 'You've got it now, Joe,' said tall Mr. Hogan, leaning over his counter and joining in the laugh which turned up against the upstart. 'You'd better let Longhead alone.' 'Give it up,' said Joe. He'd ought to know more about chickens 'n I do; he's pulled 'em off his neighbor's roost at night often enough. Miles set his hat on his knee again, polished off his moral exorcismes with quick, nervous stroke, and proceeded with a solemn frown: 'When an attempt at wit degenerates into silly personal abuse I call that crickets the wrong way, and I take no notice of it. I has speakin' of Lyman Radwood, if you're interested?' he added, interrogatively. The stranger received a glass of ale. Hogan's boy handed him just then, lifted to the spot where his mouth might be supposed to be, tipped it gently, withdrew it softly, and wiped away a crescent of foam left, as a sign, before the invisible lips, then nodded slowly and said: 'Oh, I'm interested.' 'The Radwoods is one of the oldest as used to be one of the richest families in the county. But the property's got kind of run out, and Lyman's the last of his race.' 'You don't know that,' said Sam Bean, from his barrel. 'There's Knight Radwood. You ain't shure he's dead.' 'If he ain't dead he'd ought to be. That's all I've got to say to that,' Miles Garey replied, dogmatically. 'The wif, by all odds, I ever set eyes on. If he ain't been killed in a quarrel or strung up for some of his misdeeds long 'fore this I'm mistaken.' 'Oh! fudge, low!' cried Sam. 'Knight wadn't half so bad as some folks try to make out. Him and me was boys together and I ought to know.' 'I believe you was in that egg scrape with him, wadn't you?' said Miles, over his shoulder. 'You had got took up for it, and you wadn't have been let off if it hadn't been for Mr. Radwood.' 'Yes, I was in that scrape,' laughed Sam. 'It was in the time of Old Bangs. The meiest schoolmaster that ever flung a ruler at a boy's head. We called him Old Bangs on account of his cussedness, and not because he was really advanced in years. You see, Sam, I was a sup. He was my old m'n I am now, and I call myself young, at thirty-four.' 'He was a young man and a fine man, and an excellent teacher,' said Miles, as if to correct any false impression which the stranger might receive. 'Twas the boys that was afflicted with cussedness, particularly Knight Radwood. Bangs was partly severe with 'em times. Had to be.' The stranger took another sip of ale, poised his glass on his knee, and continued to listen attentively, merely nodding in acknowledgment of the remarks addressed to him, smiling sometimes quietly with those keen eyes of his, and casting now and then a curious glance over at Bean, on his barrel. 'His name, I remember,' said Sam, 'was Howard H. Bangs, which Knight wrote out in big letters, how hard he Bangs, which tickled everybody but the master. He didn't tickle with a cent. He looked round, to see what the whole school kept laughing at, while he was rapping for order with his ruler and there was our idea of him embroidered on in his own name on the board. Of course, somebody had to tell who done it, and then, I s'pose, him and me, no ruther overdone the innocent surprise in a soft, sympathizing way, what the matter was. 'The matter?' says he, coughing and crying with the smoke, face red as fire, hair over his eyes, as he looked up from his punching and slammed the stove door together and shut in the smoke. 'You know, and I'll have it out of your hides!' 'He spluttered something more, and ran to the door to breathe, and Knight and me, concluding there wouldn't be much of a school that forenoon, and afraid of catching a cold or some eyes or something worse, if we stayed, jumped out of one of the open windows and legged it for home.' 'I guess you got a lickin' which you richly deserved, 'cordin' to your own account.' 'We got the licking, sure enough,' said Sam. 'But, as the master give it to us on suspicion, without positive proof that we knew anything about the wad of paper found in the stove pipe, we set up for injured innocents, and really imagined we had a grievance. Then, of course, we must be revenged. We got some other boys interested in our scheme, and laid in ambush for him one evening, as he was coming out of the school house, and let fly from behind the elders a volley of ripe eggs we had been saving up for the occasion. Some spotted, bespattered, and besplashed schoolmaster you never saw! But, instead of running from us, he ran at us; and, though we skeddaddled as soon as our ammunition was gone, he got near enough to make us out. That was all he wanted. He went straight to Squire Ames's, in his diversified broadcloth, and had every one of us arrested for assault before bedtime. Good enough for us, I admit. Boys ought to draw a line somewhere in their mischief, and we drew it on the wrong side of added eggs.' 'Who first proposed the eggs?' Miles inquired. 'Oh! Knight of course,' said Sam. 'He was always the one to start an original idea. I remember, I objected, on the ground that eggs was skurce and high; but he warn't one to let any such miserable notion of economy stand in the way of a project. Oh! he was a wild fellow, Knight was, and I can't say his influence over the rest of us was very good. But, for all that, he was the bravest, most generous fellow in the world.' 'Brave the wrong way and generous with other people's money, I grant you,' said Miles. 'What do you think of a boy?'—he still addressed the stranger, and pointed the interrogation by shaking his finger at him, over the stove—'What do you think of a boy that will steal his own mother's wedding-ring and pawn it for money to make his cronies presents with?' 'His never done it!' exclaimed Sam. 'His folks lushed it up,' said Miles; 'but I have positive knowledge that Knight done that very thing. Or what do you think of a boy—leaning forward, so that the shaking finger seemed about to tap the tip of the nose that peered out from the top of the head of oakum—a boy, sir, that will rifle the pocket of the deacon, hangin' in the entry to a prayer meetin', and findin' a key to the cupboard where the communion wine was kept, take it out, and get a dozen fellows tipsy with it?' The stranger answered only with his glittering eye; while Sam said, with a laugh: 'I remember the wine scrape. That turned out to be sorry fun for Knight, though. His father had already given notice that he wouldn't save him from any more consequences of his mischief; and there was a move started to send him to the Industrial Reform School. Knight found it out and disappeared before two days. He was seventeen years old, and it happened seventeen years ago. He had been seen or heard from since. I'd give something just to see eyes on the old chap once more. Sam added regretfully: 'Or just to know if he is alive.' 'That was the crownin' trouble he brought on his parents,' said Miles Garey. 'His mother died within a year. His father never made no wif; didn't know how to make none. He kept on hopin' the lost sheep would be found, that the black sheep would turn out to be a white one, after all. Couldn't bear to give him up. I've heard him talk about the absent son with tears in his eyes. The grief on't fairly wore him out, too, though he clung to life a dozen year after Knight left. Hung on, he said, in the hope of seein' his boy again. I thought, on the hill, 'he'd better be never did no harm, for that boy never came to no good. I'm sure, and the sight on him wadn't 'a' brought the old man much satisfaction.' The stranger with the beard wagged it slowly in approval of this opinion, and Miles, tipping back in his chair, again went on: 'The old man died five years ago. Lyman was then about three and twenty, engaged to George Goswami's Emily even then. As likely a young fellow as there is in three counties; as different from his roguish brother as white is from black. He has been peegin' away at his studies and waitin' for the time to come when he could afford to marry. And now he comes to us to place this very evenin'.' 'It's where the boys are goin', and nobody wud like to come along too, free show, ye know.' 'It's a long time since I've had a wedding,' replied the stranger, doubtfully. 'I'm not dressed for such an occasion.' 'Neither be I,' said Miles Garey. 'But we shudn't get further'n the doors just where we can look in. There'd be a big crowd and we shudn't be noticed. Lyman's poplar as a citizen, if he ain't got much to do as a doctor yet, and everybody's comin' up and comin' to see the long-tailed wedding. Ye see Lyman is now who leet to what property there is left, pervidin' his brother Knight don't turn up, as they ain't much likelihood of his don't at this late day. And it's quite a little property, after all, enough to give the young couple a good start. 'I guess 'twould astonish them and everybody else to see Knight Radwood walk into the church to-night,' remarked Hogan, following his guests to the door and looking across at the brilliantly lighted meeting house, toward which they straggled through the darkness and mud, Miles Garey and the man with the piratical beard bringing up the rear. The house was thronged, even to the vestibule, into which Miles patronizingly conducted his new acquaintance. 'Oh! yes. Come along, as the man showed some reluctance in passing beyond the outer door. 'We'll be out of sight, in a corner.' But the stranger was one whom he found it difficult to put out of sight. His piercing eyes, his sallow nose, and prodigious beard would have made him a conspicuous object in any ordinary crowd. He was of rather imposing height, and his singularity was still further set off by his picturesque wide-brimmed hat, which he continued to wear while all other heads were uncovered. 'As you seem to be unacquainted with our manners and customs,' whispered Miles, 'allow me to suggest that it is usual to (if you don't mind) remove our hats on such occasions.' The man gave no heed to this hint. Perhaps because, just then, the sexton made a signal for a crowd to fall back and leave the passage open for the bridal party. A creature all in white alighted from a carriage at the door, and, fluttering from the hands of her friends, placed her white-gloved fingers on the arm of a tall young man. There was no need for Miles Garey to whisper. 'There they be! That's Lyman Radwood!' Even the stranger, unacquainted as he was with the manners and customs, could not fail to distinguish so fine a bridegroom and so fair a bride. He stood in front of the throng in the vestibule, and, as the pair passed in, the bride's beautiful headress almost brushing his own, he remained courteously uncovered while they walked up the aisle. Then he put on his hat again. But in that moment of time when his forehead was bare something remarkable had taken place. Sam Bean, from within the inner door way, had been intently watching him, fascinated by something familiar in the expression about those gleaming eyes. He was sure he had seen something like it before, and the mystery was made clear when the lifted hat revealed the unmistakable brow. The crowd closed up in the doorway, and it was not until the ceremony was over that Bean could conveniently make his way back to the vestibule. Then he

has a mighty hard row to hoe for a spell, specially if it's a piece he's been brought up into. Folks remember him as a youngster kiltin' around with the gals, gettin' into scrapes, gigglin' in meekness, and mabby breakin' his arm fallin' from a cherry tree, as Lyman did once; and na'turally say to themselves 'What kin a doctor? We've known him ever since he was knee high to a Bantam chicken, and what does he know about folk's insides and the kin' of medicine that's good for 'em?' 'A chicken ain't got no knee, Miles. Did ye ever think of that?' was the irreverent remark here interjected by one of Bean's shallow companions. Miles rubbed the titter it provoked by keeping his eye fixed sternly on his one attentive hearer and saying, with biting emphasis: 'A chicken's knee, my friend, is like some folk's wit. What there is of it crows the wrong way.' 'You've got it now, Joe,' said tall Mr. Hogan, leaning over his counter and joining in the laugh which turned up against the upstart. 'You'd better let Longhead alone.' 'Give it up,' said Joe. He'd ought to know more about chickens 'n I do; he's pulled 'em off his neighbor's roost at night often enough. Miles set his hat on his knee again, polished off his moral exorcismes with quick, nervous stroke, and proceeded with a solemn frown: 'When an attempt at wit degenerates into silly personal abuse I call that crickets the wrong way, and I take no notice of it. I has speakin' of Lyman Radwood, if you're interested?' he added, interrogatively. The stranger received a glass of ale. Hogan's boy handed him just then, lifted to the spot where his mouth might be supposed to be, tipped it gently, withdrew it softly, and wiped away a crescent of foam left, as a sign, before the invisible lips, then nodded slowly and said: 'Oh, I'm interested.' 'The Radwoods is one of the oldest as used to be one of the richest families in the county. But the property's got kind of run out, and Lyman's the last of his race.' 'You don't know that,' said Sam Bean, from his barrel. 'There's Knight Radwood. You ain't shure he's dead.' 'If he ain't dead he'd ought to be. That's all I've got to say to that,' Miles Garey replied, dogmatically. 'The wif, by all odds, I ever set eyes on. If he ain't been killed in a quarrel or strung up for some of his misdeeds long 'fore this I'm mistaken.' 'Oh! fudge, low!' cried Sam. 'Knight wadn't half so bad as some folks try to make out. Him and me was boys together and I ought to know.' 'I believe you was in that egg scrape with him, wadn't you?' said Miles, over his shoulder. 'You had got took up for it, and you wadn't have been let off if it hadn't been for Mr. Radwood.' 'Yes, I was in that scrape,' laughed Sam. 'It was in the time of Old Bangs. The meiest schoolmaster that ever flung a ruler at a boy's head. We called him Old Bangs on account of his cussedness, and not because he was really advanced in years. You see, Sam, I was a sup. He was my old m'n I am now, and I call myself young, at thirty-four.' 'He was a young man and a fine man, and an excellent teacher,' said Miles, as if to correct any false impression which the stranger might receive. 'Twas the boys that was afflicted with cussedness, particularly Knight Radwood. Bangs was partly severe with 'em times. Had to be.' The stranger took another sip of ale, poised his glass on his knee, and continued to listen attentively, merely nodding in acknowledgment of the remarks addressed to him, smiling sometimes quietly with those keen eyes of his, and casting now and then a curious glance over at Bean, on his barrel. 'His name, I remember,' said Sam, 'was Howard H. Bangs, which Knight wrote out in big letters, how hard he Bangs, which tickled everybody but the master. He didn't tickle with a cent. He looked round, to see what the whole school kept laughing at, while he was rapping for order with his ruler and there was our idea of him embroidered on in his own name on the board. Of course, somebody had to tell who done it, and then, I s'pose, him and me, no ruther overdone the innocent surprise in a soft, sympathizing way, what the matter was. 'The matter?' says he, coughing and crying with the smoke, face red as fire, hair over his eyes, as he looked up from his punching and slammed the stove door together and shut in the smoke. 'You know, and I'll have it out of your hides!' 'He spluttered something more, and ran to the door to breathe, and Knight and me, concluding there wouldn't be much of a school that forenoon, and afraid of catching a cold or some eyes or something worse, if we stayed, jumped out of one of the open windows and legged it for home.' 'I guess you got a lickin' which you richly deserved, 'cordin' to your own account.' 'We got the licking, sure enough,' said Sam. 'But, as the master give it to us on suspicion, without positive proof that we knew anything about the wad of paper found in the stove pipe, we set up for injured innocents, and really imagined we had a grievance. Then, of course, we must be revenged. We got some other boys interested in our scheme, and laid in ambush for him one evening, as he was coming out of the school house, and let fly from behind the elders a volley of ripe eggs we had been saving up for the occasion. Some spotted, bespattered, and besplashed schoolmaster you never saw! But, instead of running from us, he ran at us; and, though we skeddaddled as soon as our ammunition was gone, he got near enough to make us out. That was all he wanted. He went straight to Squire Ames's, in his diversified broadcloth, and had every one of us arrested for assault before bedtime. Good enough for us, I admit. Boys ought to draw a line somewhere in their mischief, and we drew it on the wrong side of added eggs.' 'Who first proposed the eggs?' Miles inquired. 'Oh! Knight of course,' said Sam. 'He was always the one to start an original idea. I remember, I objected, on the ground that eggs was skurce and high; but he warn't one to let any such miserable notion of economy stand in the way of a project. Oh! he was a wild fellow, Knight was, and I can't say his influence over the rest of us was very good. But, for all that, he was the bravest, most generous fellow in the world.' 'Brave the wrong way and generous with other people's money, I grant you,' said Miles. 'What do you think of a boy?'—he still addressed the stranger, and pointed the interrogation by shaking his finger at him, over the stove—'What do you think of a boy that will steal his own mother's wedding-ring and pawn it for money to make his cronies presents with?' 'His never done it!' exclaimed Sam. 'His folks lushed it up,' said Miles; 'but I have positive knowledge that Knight done that very thing. Or what do you think of a boy—leaning forward, so that the shaking finger seemed about to tap the tip of the nose that peered out from the top of the head of oakum—a boy, sir, that will rifle the pocket of the deacon, hangin' in the entry to a prayer meetin', and findin' a key to the cupboard where the communion wine was kept, take it out, and get a dozen fellows tipsy with it?' The stranger answered only with his glittering eye; while Sam said, with a laugh: 'I remember the wine scrape. That turned out to be sorry fun for Knight, though. His father had already given notice that he wouldn't save him from any more consequences of his mischief; and there was a move started to send him to the Industrial Reform School. Knight found it out and disappeared before two days. He was seventeen years old, and it happened seventeen years ago. He had been seen or heard from since. I'd give something just to see eyes on the old chap once more. Sam added regretfully: 'Or just to know if he is alive.' 'That was the crownin' trouble he brought on his parents,' said Miles Garey. 'His mother died within a year. His father never made no wif; didn't know how to make none. He kept on hopin' the lost sheep would be found, that the black sheep would turn out to be a white one, after all. Couldn't bear to give him up. I've heard him talk about the absent son with tears in his eyes. The grief on't fairly wore him out, too, though he clung to life a dozen year after Knight left. Hung on, he said, in the hope of seein' his boy again. I thought, on the hill, 'he'd better be never did no harm, for that boy never came to no good. I'm sure, and the sight on him wadn't 'a' brought the old man much satisfaction.' The stranger with the beard wagged it slowly in approval of this opinion, and Miles, tipping back in his chair, again went on: 'The old man died five years ago. Lyman was then about three and twenty, engaged to George Goswami's Emily even then. As likely a young fellow as there is in three counties; as different from his roguish brother as white is from black. He has been peegin' away at his studies and waitin' for the time to come when he could afford to marry. And now he comes to us to place this very evenin'.' 'It's where the boys are goin', and nobody wud like to come along too, free show, ye know.' 'It's a long time since I've had a wedding,' replied the stranger, doubtfully. 'I'm not dressed for such an occasion.' 'Neither be I,' said Miles Garey. 'But we shudn't get further'n the doors just where we can look in. There'd be a big crowd and we shudn't be noticed. Lyman's poplar as a citizen, if he ain't got much to do as a doctor yet, and everybody's comin' up and comin' to see the long-tailed wedding. Ye see Lyman is now who leet to what property there is left, pervidin' his brother Knight don't turn up, as they ain't much likelihood of his don't at this late day. And it's quite a little property, after all, enough to give the young couple a good start. 'I guess 'twould astonish them and everybody else to see Knight Radwood walk into the church to-night,' remarked Hogan, following his guests to the door and looking across at the brilliantly lighted meeting house, toward which they straggled through the darkness and mud, Miles Garey and the man with the piratical beard bringing up the rear. The house was thronged, even to the vestibule, into which Miles patronizingly conducted his new acquaintance. 'Oh! yes. Come along, as the man showed some reluctance in passing beyond the outer door. 'We'll be out of sight, in a corner.' But the stranger was one whom he found it difficult to put out of sight. His piercing eyes, his sallow nose, and prodigious beard would have made him a conspicuous object in any ordinary crowd. He was of rather imposing height, and his singularity was still further set off by his picturesque wide-brimmed hat, which he continued to wear while all other heads were uncovered. 'As you seem to be unacquainted with our manners and customs,' whispered Miles, 'allow me to suggest that it is usual to (if you don't mind) remove our hats on such occasions.' The man gave no heed to this hint. Perhaps because, just then, the sexton made a signal for a crowd to fall back and leave the passage open for the bridal party. A creature all in white alighted from a carriage at the door, and, fluttering from the hands of her friends, placed her white-gloved fingers on the arm of a tall young man. There was no need for Miles Garey to whisper. 'There they be! That's Lyman Radwood!' 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THURSDAY AFTERNOON, JAN. 11, 1883.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.
The Gazette will be delivered free of charge at this office, and at the residence of the Editor, on the condition that the reader will be responsible for the payment of the paper, and that the Editor will be held responsible for the payment of the paper.

FAITH IN A PERSONAL PUNISHMENT FOR THE SINFUL.
The Gazette will be delivered free of charge at this office, and at the residence of the Editor, on the condition that the reader will be responsible for the payment of the paper, and that the Editor will be held responsible for the payment of the paper.

Nearly the last opinion delivered by Judge Briggs before his retirement from the bench was one in which he granted a new trial in a case because a witness whose testimony had been admitted lacked faith in a personal God. The witness said that though he believed in the Creator of the Universe and in a Supreme Power which would punish him here for false swearing, he did not believe in God as commonly understood by the people, nor in a personal God, nor God as an entity. There was no other evidence in support of the objection to the witness. "Something more is required to render one competent as a witness," said the Judge, "than a belief in a Supreme Power simply, as a power or principle, which may be the resistless natural laws as exhibited by the motion and operation of the elements, and to violate which will surely bring punishment here to the transgressor. The belief required by our laws is a belief in the existence of an Omnipotent Supreme Being, who will impose divine punishment for perjury either in this world or in the next. If the belief be short of this it falls under the ban of legal condemnation."

This is no doubt a logical interpretation of the law of Pennsylvania. In this State, as in all of the other States of the Union there are laws upon the statute books, which, coming down from past ages unchanged, antagonize modern sentiment and practice. The law in regard to oaths in this State, to some degree, comes under this category. The opinion of Judge Briggs, logical as it is, would produce very disastrous results in an important trial, no matter how great the interests at stake, whether public or private, if to carry on the trial the testimony of any of many of the most distinguished men of literature and science were necessary to secure the ends of justice.

If the law of this State, as interpreted by Judge Briggs, is not different from that of the District of Columbia, and we presume the law in both countries is nearly identical, the monster, Giteau, could never have been convicted if his conviction had depended upon the testimony of Herbert Spencer, the greatest thinker of his age; Professors Tyndall or Huxley, the most noted of modern scientists; Professor Fisk of this country, Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Robert Collyer, Ralph Waldo Emerson, or even those poets so dear to American hearts and homes, Longfellow and Whittier. Their affirmation, which would carry conviction anywhere, would not be taken, but the most worthless character from the slums, if he acknowledged "a belief in the existence of an Omnipotent Supreme Being, who will impose divine punishment for perjury, either in this world or in the next," would be a competent witness. This is law. Judge Briggs, we believe, correctly construes it. Isn't it time that the law in regard to oaths should be modified? Is it right, and can justice be impartially meted out when men of the highest character and attainments are declared incompetent witnesses, while a vagabond's testimony may send an innocent man to the gulfs?

In our opinion the law should be amended so that the affirmation of any man, no matter what his belief, should weigh equally with the oath, the punishment for false testimony to be the same in both cases. No reputable man, whether strongly orthodox or heterodox in opinion, would give false testimony. No man of worth—his character would be deterred from committing perjury through any reverence for the sacredness of an oath, or fear of supernatural punishment for violating it. Let all men be equal before the law.

The Newhall House of Milwaukee, one of the largest hotels in the West, was entirely destroyed by fire yesterday morning, and from 75 to 100 guests were either burned to death or killed in jumping out of the windows. Kitty Corners, one of the servants girls of the house, and formerly of Doylestown, is reported to be seriously injured. There were several Philadelphians whose lives were lost. The value of the property destroyed was in the neighborhood of \$500,000.

The special election held in the Seventeenth district of Ohio, for a member of Congress to fill the vacancy made by the death of Dr. Updegraff, has resulted in the election of Taylor, Republican, by a majority of 1863, which is an increase of some 800 over the majority in November.

One druggist of Kingston, Ont., last year sold enough opium to regular opium eaters to kill 14,500 men. The use of the drug is not increasing in that city, it is said, but its victims are numerous, and in the upper classes of society, and in nine cases out of ten are ladies.

Mr. Philip C. Garrett, President of the Committee of One Hundred, whose nomination to the Board of Public Charities was sent to the Senate by Governor Hoyt was not confirmed. Enough of the stalwarts refused to vote for him to bring about this result.

Thomas E. Sherman, a son of the General of the United States Army, is studying for the Roman Catholic priesthood, and intends, it is said, to become a Jesuit. He is reputed to be a young man of good abilities, as might be expected of the son of his father.

The time is at hand when licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors are required by law to be renewed—and consequently when each person desiring to procure such a license for the next ensuing year is required to present to the court a petition for the same, accompanied with a certificate bearing the signatures of twelve reputable citizens and setting forth the following facts, viz:— "That the applicant is of good repute for honesty and temperance; that he is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travelers, to wit: In the case of the borough of Bristol—two bedrooms and four beds for the exclusive use of travelers, and that the same is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers or travellers."

Let every citizen before attaching his name to any such certificate realize what he is signing, and ask himself whether he is willing to have his reputation for truthfulness and integrity depend upon the accuracy of this statement which is placed on record over his signature in the court of Quarter Sessions of the county. Is there a single case in this borough where all the conditions certified to will hold good? Is the applicant of good repute for honesty and temperance? The law under which the license is granted assumes him to be dishonest and places him under five hundred dollars, with two sureties that he will not violate it—which is a reproach and stigma not placed upon any other class of merchandising. Does the applicant have the accommodation certified to, and is the place necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers or travellers?

It is doubtful if a meal is ever served or a bed furnished in a large part of the licensed places of the borough, and yet year after year these certificates are presented to the court when the men whose names they bear would hesitate to state under oath the facts set forth in them.

Does it never occur to them that to sign a false statement, even to accommodate a neighbor is to cease to be a reputable citizen, and therefore to disqualify himself before the law to exercise even the doubtful privilege of signing an application for license to sell liquor?

But granting the applicant to have complied with all legal requirements, look well at the wretchedness and misery that grows each year out of each one of these places, and realize that each one of you who assist in obtaining the license is responsible for the whole of it, and then ask yourselves whether you want to accept the responsibility.

The steamer City of Brussels, of the Inman Line, which left New York on December 23, for Liverpool, has been run down and sunk off the latter port by a Glasgow steamer. Ten persons, two of whom were passengers, were drowned. A fog prevailed at the time of the accident. The steamer was commanded by one of the oldest captains in the company's service. She was well built, and was considered one of the safest of the ocean fleet; but in the dense fog that prevailed, neither the ability of the captain nor the construction of the vessel was of any avail. The nature of the collision may be judged from the fact that the main compartment of the City of Brussels was cut in two. After the collision the fog thickened, and it was dangerous even for boats to move about. Neither the passengers nor the crew were able to save anything, and many persons were obliged to leave the ship with the barest articles of clothing.

Tom Thumb celebrated his 46th birthday on January 4, in Chicago. He said that when first exhibited by Barnum he was only five years old, and so light that a strong man could hold him on the palm of the hand. A fashionable overcoat of those days was like the ulster of the present, and had large side pockets with flaps over them. "Barnum wore one of these," Tom relates, "and I could get in one of the pockets, and by doubling myself up snugly the flap would conceal me. It was a favorite trick of Barnum's to put me in his pocket, and appear in the hall about the time for opening our entertainment. He would call for me, affecting to be surprised that I was not on the platform, and then I would respond, 'Here I am, sir,' emerging from the pocket. Alas! how I have grown since then!"

It is again rumored in Germany that negotiations are pending for the sale of the Duke of Edinburgh's reversionary interest in the Grand Duchy of Saxony-Coburg and Gotha. Seven years ago the transaction was nearly being completed, and the Queen went to Baden to try and arrange the affair, but a hitch arose. Prince Bismarck offered the Duke a large sum down and an annuity of £60,000 a year for his life, with a jointure for the Duchess. But his Royal Highness, with hereditary prudence, preferred to have a larger sum down and to forego the annuity, which, in the event of any serious political changes, might not be paid. It was this request which led to the breaking off of the negotiations.

Mrs. Garfield is entertaining a few friends of the late President at her home in Cleveland. A correspondent writes from that city to the Louisville Courier-Journal: "Mrs. Garfield looks much better than she did early in the summer. There is a better color in her face and she is more fleshy. She looks older and is more careworn and numerous wrinkles have appeared in the face since I last saw her. Her dress is wonderfully plain, as is that also of her husband's mother."

John E. Owens says that he will become a star again next season, but not from a necessity of making money. He lost heavily in mining speculations several years ago, but owns a large amount of property still. He has an offer of a large salary from a manager who desires him to play *Caleb Plummer*; but the comedian declares that he does not like to bring tears to an audience, but laughter, and will therefore take the risk of producing a new comedy.

LITERARY MENTION.

New York is to have a new weekly to be called *The Manhattan*, illustrated by "process" engravings. The projectors are principally young artists. —Our *Little Ones* for January presents all its usual attractions, and these are the best that can be offered to very young readers. The illustrations and letter press are furnished by our leading artists and authors. The Russell Publishing Company, Boston. —Julian Hawthorne is criticised severely in the London *Athenaeum*, wherein are hints that, though Nathaniel Hawthorne's wrote in rough notes of "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret," young Hawthorne has tampered with the text of the romance.

Messrs. Cassell, Potter, Galpin & Co., New York, announce two cheap editions of Canon Farrar's new work, "The Early Days of Christianity"—one in paper covers at 40 cents, and one in cloth at 75 cents. The "Library Edition," in one large octavo volume, in extra cloth binding, is \$2.00.

The February number of the *North American Review* is to contain an article on "The Experiment of Universal Suffrage," by Prof. Alexander Winchell; a discussion of "The Revision of Creeds," by clergymen representing six evangelical denominations; a paper entitled "The Decay of Protestantism," by Bishop McQuaid; and a defence of the Standard Oil monopoly, by Senator Camden.

A New Volume.—With the first number in January, *Littell's Living Age* enters upon its one hundred and fifty-sixth volume. The field of periodical literature, especially in England, is continually broadening, and including more and more the work of the foremost authors in all branches of literature and science. Presenting, in compact and convenient form, all that is most valuable of this work, the *Living Age* becomes more and more a necessity to the American reader. The first number of the new volume and new year—a convenient one with which to begin a subscription—has the following table of contents: Miss Burney's Novels, *Contemporary Review*; Au Pair, *Temple Bar*; Peasant Properties in Auvergne, *Contemporary*; The Story of J. E. L., *Gentleman's Magazine*; Poor Matthias, by Matthew Arnold, *Macmillan's*; The Ladies Lindores, *Blackwood's*; Gainsborough's Letters to William Jackson, *Leisure Hours*; In an Inn Garden, *Temple Bar*; with poetry and miscellany. For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,800 pages a year), the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$1.00 monthlies or weeklies with the *Living Age* for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers. Fred. H. Jewett, news agent, at 31 Mill street, will furnish the magazine to people in this vicinity at publishers' prices.

The *Magazine of American History* for January opens with a table of contents, brighter and fresher than ever before, presenting an answer through that learned scholar and antiquary, Dr. John Gilmary Shea, to what might appear at first as a singular question, "Where are the remains of Columbus?" The whole world, until recently, supposed that they rested at Havana; but from the arguments of Dr. Shea it appears probable that they still remain at San Domingo. The question is one that is now being hotly contested, especially by the Spanish Government and Spanish scholars, officials at San Domingo being accused by some of deliberate fraud. This article shows much learning, and is of great value, yet the subject is treated in a clear and lucid style, and all classes of readers will discover much in connection with this business that is akin to romance. A painstaking and diligent Virginia writer, Alexander Brown, sketches the noble career of Lord De La Warr, and exhibits him in his true relation to Virginia, of which he was the founder. His article is accompanied by a portrait of De La Warr on steel, and now engraved for the first time, after the original in England. It will be highly prized, especially by collectors. Prof. Adams concludes his bright, strong and original discussion, "Plymouth Rock Restored," in which the founders of Plymouth appear in a new, fresh and true light. In fact, they now seem to be in a fair way of getting their history properly written. Of translations there is a letter by Columbus, made from the Spanish original found in the *Cortes de Indias*, a volume that cannot be found in half a dozen libraries in America. From this volume, also, a very valuable and interesting discussion is translated, relating to the true form and meaning of the signature of Columbus, a riddle that Irving vainly sought to solve. This number also contains a profusion of Notes and Queries of interest to all classes of readers. The literary notices, as usual are very serviceable in pointing out the merits or demerits of works that many have no time to decide by personal investigation.

An examination of this number will convince the most critical that the Magazine is able to meet the demands of historical and general readers of the day; and all persons who desire to see important historical questions treated with candor, ability and fullness of knowledge, should make the Magazine a part of their literary furnishings. The Magazine is conducted in a broad, national spirit, aiming to do justice to all parts of the country, and now begins afresh with the hearty endorsement of many of the best scholars and students of American History. A. S. Barnes & Co., of New York, are the publishers. Orders for the Magazine left at Jewett's news depot, 31 Mill street, will be promptly filled.

Of a Chicago restaurant the *New York Tribune* remarks: "A sirloin steak complete with potatoes, etc., such as we pay 60 cents for in Broadway, is sold for 80 cents. Not a drop of wine or liquor is served, but a great glass of pure cream for 10 cents. Celery is 10 cents, equal in portion to the 25 cent portions in New York, and the establishment, imposing on nobody, clears \$50,000 a year."

—Governor Butler intends to live in a hotel in Boston during his term of office. —Secretary Chandler's eldest son has gone to Dakota to engage in cattle raising. —The remains of John Howard Paine have been shipped at Tunis for the United States. —The First Presbyterian church in New Albany, Ind., has elected a board of eighteen deacons. —Booth's theatre, New York, has been sold for \$550,000, and will be changed into a dry goods establishment. —Jennie Flood, of San Francisco, owns \$2,000,000 in United States four per cents, a present from her father. She is unmarried. —Edwin Booth, in a private correspondence, says he is determined to rest for a whole year upon the conclusion of his German engagement. —When Buffalo Bill goes to England in the spring he will take over a troupe of real Indians, a herd of buffaloes and some real Mexican horses. —Washington gossip says that Miss Alice S. Blaine, daughter of ex-Secretary Blaine, is to be married to Col. John J. Coppinger, U. S. A., next month.

The *New York Graphic* says that Mr. Vanderbilt has only \$200,000,000 to leave to twenty-two grandchildren and their parents. It is a dreary out-look for them. —The autograph letters left by Mr. Weed are thought to form the finest private collection in the country, including letters written by every President of the United States since the formation of the government. —Senator Pendleton, of Ohio, has a mansion in Cincinnati, an elegant residence in Washington, a cottage at Conway, N. H., and a villa at Mt. Desert, Me. It is believed to cost \$100,000 a year to maintain them. —Texas has \$1,000,000 lying idle in her treasury, but is unable to apply it to the reduction of her debt, \$5,000,000, because her creditors ask \$1.40 for the bonds, and she is unwilling to pay that premium.

—Nellie Hazeltine, the St. Louis beauty, now Mrs. Paramore, who a few years ago was said to be engaged to Samuel J. Tilden, has gone on the stage. She married a man who was concerned in embezzling an actor with whom she had a flirtation. —A pair of ducks of a dark bronze color, with brilliant reddish bristles, were captured near Havre de Grace last week during a storm, by Mr. John Suter. Old hunters who have examined the ducks said that they had never seen their kind before.

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NEWS ITEMS.

—Governor Butler intends to live in a hotel in Boston during his term of office. —Secretary Chandler's eldest son has gone to Dakota to engage in cattle raising. —The remains of John Howard Paine have been shipped at Tunis for the United States. —The First Presbyterian church in New Albany, Ind., has elected a board of eighteen deacons. —Booth's theatre, New York, has been sold for \$550,000, and will be changed into a dry goods establishment. —Jennie Flood, of San Francisco, owns \$2,000,000 in United States four per cents, a present from her father. She is unmarried. —Edwin Booth, in a private correspondence, says he is determined to rest for a whole year upon the conclusion of his German engagement. —When Buffalo Bill goes to England in the spring he will take over a troupe of real Indians, a herd of buffaloes and some real Mexican horses. —Washington gossip says that Miss Alice S. Blaine, daughter of ex-Secretary Blaine, is to be married to Col. John J. Coppinger, U. S. A., next month.

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THE POSTAL TELEGRAPH.

A subject so important as the establishment of a government postal telegraph cannot be properly dealt with by Congress on the basis of so crude a bill as that introduced by Mr. Anderson of Kansas yesterday. Mr. Anderson's intentions are excellent, no doubt, but his bill shows a lack of careful consideration on his part. If he has been prompted to take this step by his anti-monopolist convictions, he has set about his task in the wrong way. The true remedy for the evils of private telegraph monopoly is not to be sought in the creation of a competing government telegraph, for when the government goes into the telegraph business it ought to do so not as a competitor for the patronage of the public, but as a monopolist itself. The abuses which unregulated monopolies put upon the people may be corrected in other ways. It is not necessary for the government to engage in oil refining because the Standard Oil Company put an outrageous tax upon the people's light, nor is it obliged to put up telegraph poles and wires to protect the people from the tax which Mr. Jay Gould puts upon them to get dividends on his watered telegraph stocks. There are other ways for accomplishing these desirable ends. Still, the fact that the telegraph system of the country has got into the hands of a clique of conscienceless stock gamblers furnishes a very strong argument for the establishment of a government postal telegraph. When it becomes apparent that independent questions of monopoly, a government telegraph is desirable, in the interests of the public, then it will be time to establish it. The time when this will be apparent is probably approaching very rapidly. Two recent events have made the subject one for present practical discussion. One is the announcement of a surplus in the Post Office Department, the other the passage of the Civil Service reform bill. Now that the department has demonstrated its ability to make the transportation of the mails a self-supporting business there will be a greater readiness to intrust the telegraph business of the country to its charge, while the sudden conversion of Congress and so many of the politicians to the wholesome doctrines of reform serves as a guarantee that the vast field of appointments thrown open by the absorption of the telegraph would not be considered merely as a fat pasture for gentlemen in the patronage line. But it is very evident that Mr. Anderson has not hit upon the best method of establishing a government telegraph.

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